

# MODERN COMICS

APRIL  
No. 96

QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION

10¢

Who is the exotic *Spectra*?

Can her scheming terrorists overcome  
the mighty Knights of the Air?

Read the **MOST EXCITING  
BLACKHAWK STORY YET!**







WEB COMIC  
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# Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

IT PULLS ON  
OVER THE  
HEAD LIKE  
A DIVER'S  
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE  
SOME FUN WITH THE  
GANG TONIGHT AT  
THE MASQUERADE

THE MYSTERY  
HALF-WIT  
SURE HAS THE  
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE  
AND WHERE  
DID HE GET  
THAT MASK?

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR  
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP  
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

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( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.

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NAME.....  
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STREET.....

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**SPECTRA:** RAIDER, ROBBER AND WRECKER! WHERE IS SHE? EVERYWHERE... AND NOWHERE! BY LAND, WATER AND AIR, THE BLACKHAWKS PURSUED SPECTRA AND HER SPECTRAL TROOP OF TERRORISTS, TO NO AVAIL UNTIL... BUT GO ON WITH THE STORY...

**DANGER STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING AT THE FASHIONABLE SEASIDE RESORT OF TRITON BEACH!**



**A MOMENT LATER, ON TRITON BEACH'S MAIN STREET!**



**LOOK, SPECTRA! ALL THIS FROM ONE SHOP!**

**FORM A PATROL AND GO TO THE BIG HOTELS! THEY HAVE VAULTS FULL OF MONEY... WEALTHY PATRONS WITH VALUABLES!**





**W**ITHIN BRIEF MINUTES THE EFFICIENT DESPERADOES FINISH THEIR WORK OF PLUNDER...



I TUNED IN ON A RADIO ALARM, SPECTRA! PLANES ARE HEADING THIS WAY FROM THE NEAREST AIR FORCE BASE!

TO YOUR PLANES! HEAD OUT TO OPEN SEA!

**B**UT, THOUGH PURSUERS SCOUT FAR AND WIDE...



IMPOSSIBLE THAT THOSE SHORT-FLIGHT PLANES SHOULD GET FAR! BUT WE'VE SIGHTED NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT INNOCENT-LOOKING SHIP!

BACK TO THE FIELD! THE BLACKHAWKS OUGHT TO BE IN ON THIS MYSTERY!

**A**ND THE BLACKHAWKS ARE CALLED IN...

NO CLUE TO THIS BUNCH OF AIR-BURGULARS, BLACKHAWK! THEIR LEADER SEEMS TO BE A HANDSOME WOMAN CALLED SPECTRA!

WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF HER, EH, CHUCK?



ANDRE, HERE IS THE WOMAN EXPERT OF THE BUNCH! UNLESS HE'S HEARD OF SPECTRA...

MAIS NON, I HAVE NOT HAD ZE PLAISIR! HENDRICKSON WEE! BEAR ME OUT!



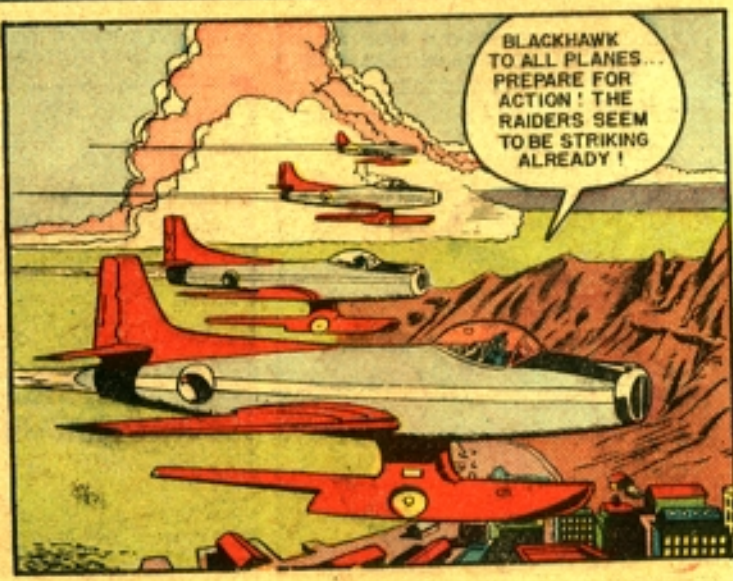
AY BAN-TANK WE GOT TO WAIT FOR ANOTHER RAID, HA, STANISLAUS?

MAYBE, OLAF! LOOK, HERE COMES CHOP CHOP!



'SCUSE, BLACKHAWK, BUT IS REPORT FROM ANOTHER HOLIDAY BEACH... STRANGE PLANES SIGHTED HEADING FOR HAPPY HARBOR!

WE'RE HEADING THE SAME WAY! HURRY, MEN!

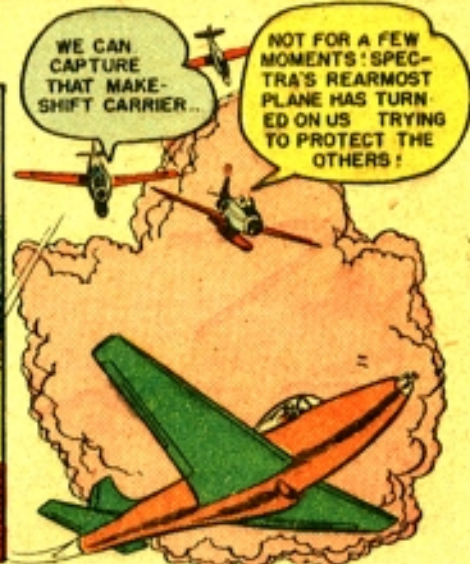
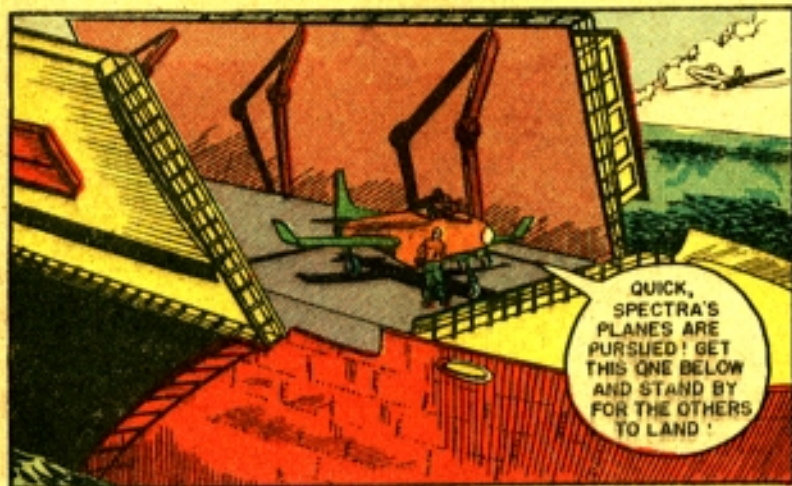


BLACKHAWK TO ALL PLANES... PREPARE FOR ACTION! THE RAIDERS SEEM TO BE STRIKING ALREADY!





**B**BLACKHAWK'S QUICK EYE HAS SEEN THAT THE SHIP IS EQUIPPED TO ACT AS A PLANE CARRIER







IN PRIVATE, THE BLACKHAWKS INTERVIEW THEIR PRISONER









THE SHIP DRIVES INTO THE ISLAND'S INTERIOR...



WITHIN BRIEF MINUTES THE TIDES WILL RISE AND HIDE THIS OPENING!

AND, INSIDE...



ALL HANDS STAND BY TO UNLOAD LOOT!

SPECTRA! DIDN'T WE LOSE ONE PLANE ON OUR LAST RAID? BECAUSE...



...IT'S BACK WITH US! WE BROUGHT BACK ONE MORE PLANE THAN WE HAD TO START WITH!

CHECK UP AT ONCE! IF THAT'S TRUE, BRING THE PILOT OF THE EXTRA PLANE BEFORE ME!



I SAW A STRANGER HEADING THIS WAY!

HERE I AM, IN SPECTRA'S DEN! THE NEXT PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET OUT!



THERE HE GOES! IT'S A STRANGER ALL RIGHT, IN A BLUE UNIFORM!

MAYBE I'D BETTER TURN SUB-MARINE!



THOSE DIVERS ARE CUTTING ME OFF FROM ESCAPE!

WHEN BLACKHAWK COMES TO THE SURFACE...



YOU'RE OUR PRISONER! COME WITH US BEFORE OUR CHIEF... SPECTRA!

WHO COULD REFUSE AN INVITATION SO EARNESTLY OFFERED? LEAD THE WAY!







OVERHEAD, IN THE UPPER AIR...









MODERN COMICS



BLACKHAWK'S BONDS HOLD... BUT A SUPREME EFFORT CAUSES THE ROCK TO CRUMBLE...



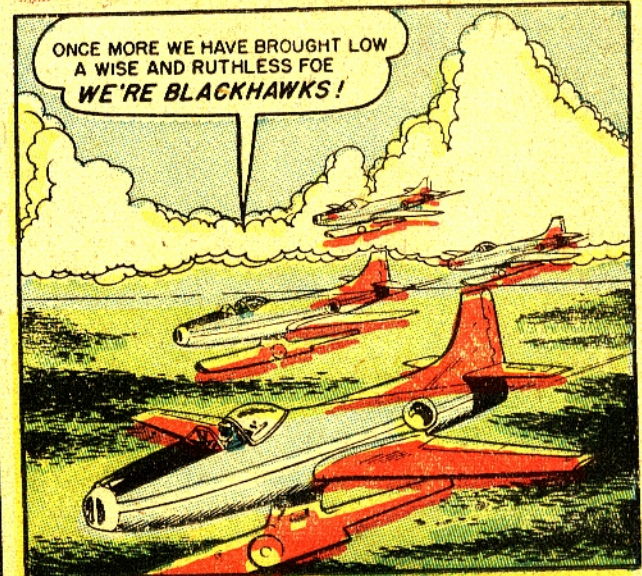














# Torchy



THERE IS A SMALL CITY NEAR BOSTON THAT'S KNOWN AS THE VILLAGE OF GOD! SO LISTEN MY CHILDREN AND YOU SHALL HEAR HOW THAT PROPER CITY WAS SET ON ITS EAR BY THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF MISS TORCHY TODD!





GOODNESS, ED, YOU DON'T HAVE A SPARE OR A JACK AND I HAVEN'T SEEN A GAS STATION FOR MILES!

RELAX, TORCHY! AN ENTERPRISING FELLOW LIKE MYSELF CAN SOLVE ANY PROBLEM!



YOU AND YOUR ENTERPRISES! THEY START OUT WITH A BANG, END UP AS FLAT AS THAT BACK TIRE AND THERE YOU ARE WITHOUT ANY JACK!



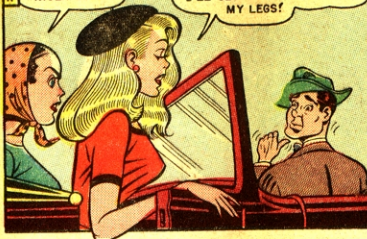
WE MIGHT AS WELL SIT THIS ONE OUT, TORCHY, UNTIL ED ENTERPRISES US OUT OF HERE!

DON'T FRET, MY CHICKADEES! I'LL FLAG A CAR IN A MINUTE! JUST WATCH MY PERSONALITY AT WORK!



THAT MINUTE HAS LASTED AN HOUR AND A HALF, PERSONALITY BOY! MAYBE IF YOU HAD NICER LEGS...

I'M GETTING AWFULLY CRAMPED, SITTING HERE! I THINK I'LL GET OUT AND STRETCH MY LEGS!



DON'T WANDER OFF TOO FAR, HONEY!

I WON'T, TESS!



I ALWAYS WORRY ABOUT THAT GIRL WHEN SHE WEARS A SWEATER!

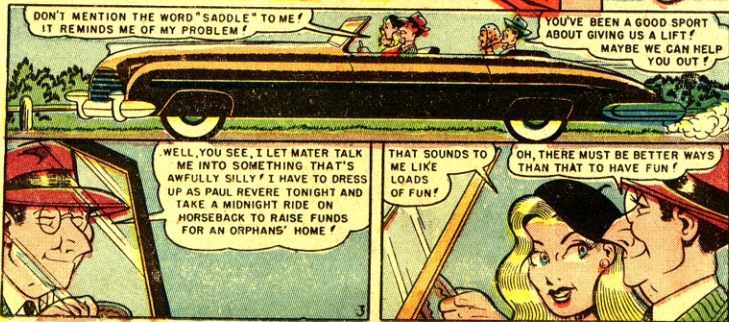
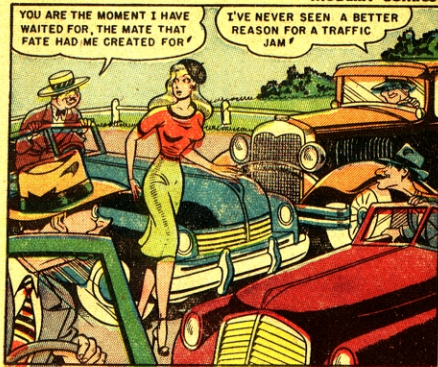
SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A TRAFFIC JAM DOWN THE ROAD!



C'MON, ED! I HAVE A SNEAKING SUSPICION THAT TORCHY TODD, GIRL ROADBLOCK, HAS DONE IT AGAIN!











I CAN ONLY TAKE YOU THIS FAR! WHY DON'T YOU JOIN ME WHILE I PREPARE MYSELF FOR THAT SILLY STUNT?

YOU'RE  
AWFULLY  
SWEET!



LOOK, WHY NOT LET TORCHY GO IN YOUR PLACE? YOU MIGHT GET CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO AREN'T ORDINARILY INTERESTED IN ORPHANS!

I WOULDN'T DARE! MATER MIGHT DIS-APPROVE AND DISINHERIT ME!



LET'S GO INTO THE STABLE! THE COSTUME AND THE HORSE ARE IN THERE!

HORSES MUST BE SMARTER THAN PEOPLE IF THEY CAN LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, RENT FREE!

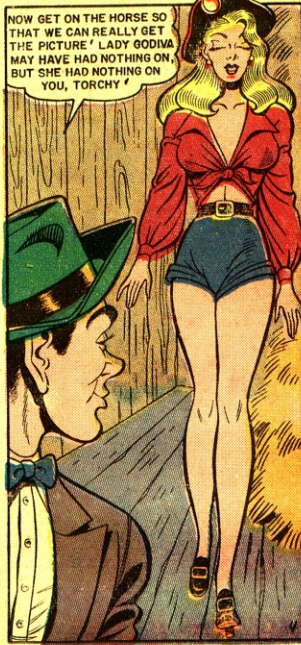


THAT'S A REAL CUTE! YOU COULD COSTUME! I WONDER UNDOUBTEDLY HOW I'D LOOK IN IT! DO MUCH MORE

FOR THIS COSTUME THAN I EVER COULD! IF YOU WANT TO TRY IT ON, MY DEAR, I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT!

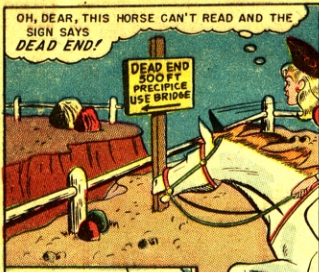
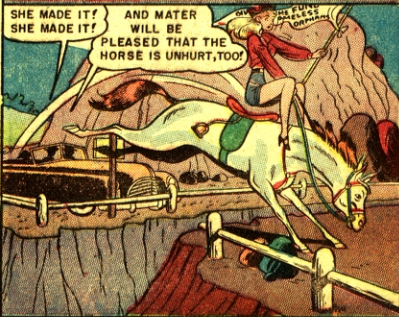
PAUL REVERE WORE TOO MANY CLOTHES! I THINK I'LL ELIMINATE SOME OF THEM!

I MUST SEE MATER FOR A FEW MINUTES! PLEASE EXCUSE ME!

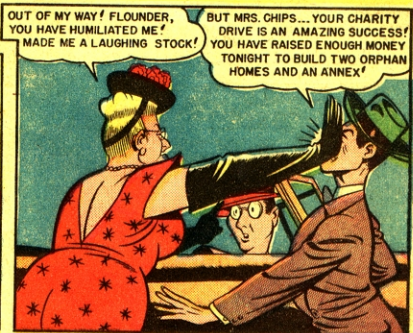
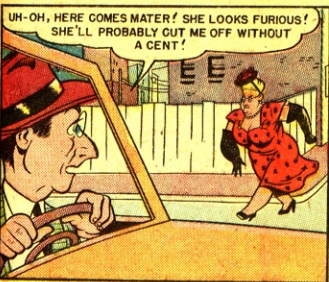
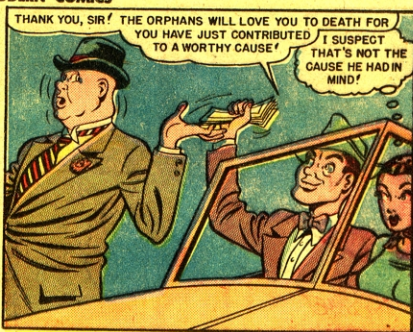


NOW GET ON THE HORSE SO THAT WE CAN REALLY GET THE PICTURE! LADY GODIVA MAY HAVE HAD NOTHING ON, BUT SHE HAD NOTHING ON YOU, TORCHY!

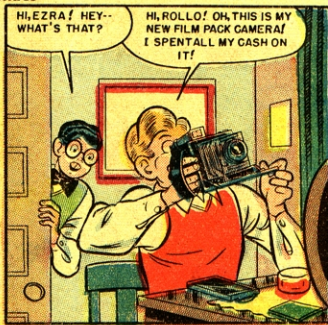
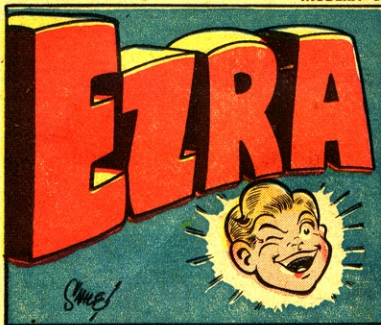












HI, EZRA! HEY--  
WHAT'S THAT?

HI, ROLLO! OH, THIS IS MY  
NEW FILM PACK CAMERA!  
I SPENT ALL MY CASH ON  
IT!



GOSH, THAT'S TOO  
BAD! I MEAN  
IT'S--

SAY-- JUST WHAT  
DO YOU MEAN--  
TOO BAD?



WELL, I STOPPED IN TO TELL YOU  
THAT MY POP'S LODGE IS HAVING  
A FORMAL DANCE AT THE  
COUNTRY CLUB ON  
THE TWENTY-  
SECOND...

WHAT?  
AND I'VE SPENT  
ALL MY MOOLAH  
ON THIS CAMERA!



I'LL NEED A TUX AND  
MONEY FOR TICKETS!  
GOSH-- I CAN'T ASK  
DAD FOR THAT  
MUCH!

I'VE AN IDEA!  
WHY NOT MAKE  
THE CAMERA  
PAY FOR IT?



LOOK, THERE ON THE CAMERA  
PAGE-- LUGGETT'S DRUG STORE  
IS HAVING A PHOTO CONTEST!

YEAH--  
"MISS  
LUGGETT'S  
OF 1950!"

WINNER TO BE NAMED  
ON THE TWENTY-SECOND!  
THAT'S THE SAME DAY OF  
THE DANCE!



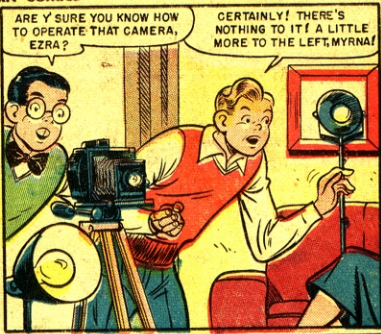
G'MON, ROLLO, WHAT  
ARE WE WAITIN'  
FOR?

WH-WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOIN'?

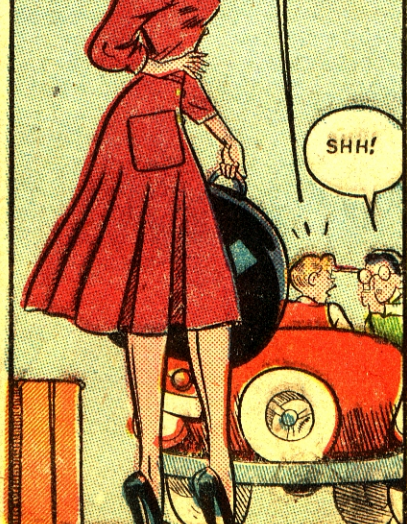
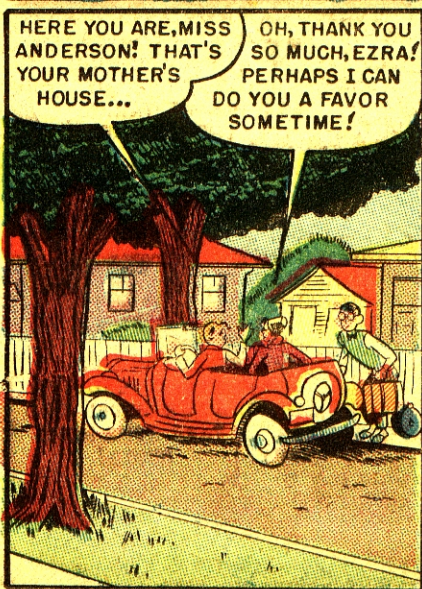
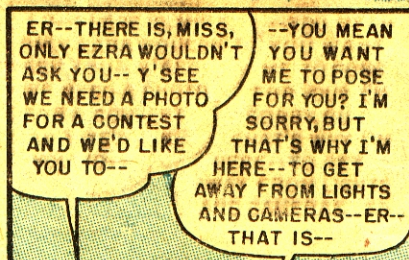


TO MYRNA'S TO PHOTOGRAPH  
"MISS LUGGETT'S OF 1950" AND  
TO GET A DATE FOR THAT  
DANCE!

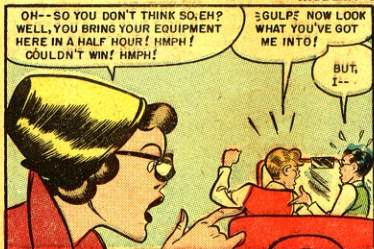








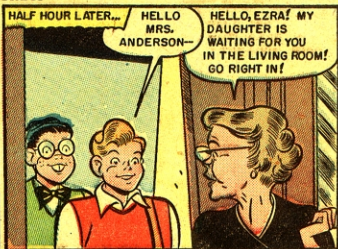




OH--SO YOU DON'T THINK SO, EH? WELL, YOU BRING YOUR EQUIPMENT HERE IN A HALF HOUR! HMPH! COULDN'T WIN! HMPH!

⚡GULP⚡ NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE GOT ME INTO!

BUT, I--



HELLO MRS. ANDERSON--

HELLO, EZRA! MY DAUGHTER IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM! GO RIGHT IN!



OOPS! ⚡GULP⚡ PARDON US, MISS, BUT WE ⚡GULP⚡ WERE LOOKING FOR MISS ANDERSON AND ⚡GULP⚡

COME IN, BOYS... I'M SALLY ANDERSON! REMEMBER NOW? I'M THE GIRL YOU GAVE A LIFT FROM THE DEPOT!



I'M HERE FOR A VACATION! OF COURSE, IF YOU STILL DON'T THINK I'D BE A GOOD MODEL---

ROLLO! SET UP THOSE LIGHTS! HURRY!

HUH?



HOW'S THIS?

FINE! CLICK



AND THIS?

GREAT!



THANKS, MISS ANDERSON, ER, I MEAN, "MISS LUGGETT'S OF 1950"! WE'LL WIN THAT CONTEST HANDS DOWN! C'MON, ROLLO--HEY--ROLLO!

⚡SIGH⚡ YEAH--OH--YEAH--OKAY--EZ--



I GOT MY TUX THIS MORNING, ROLLO! AND I GOT IT WITHOUT PAYING A DEPOSIT, EITHER! I CONVINCED HIM I'D WIN THE PHOTO CONTEST TODAY!

THE BIG DAY ARRIVES...

OF COURSE, LEAVING YOUR NEW CAMERA THERE AS SECURITY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, HUH? C'MON, EZ, LET'S GET OVER TO LUGGETT'S!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE JUST CHOSEN OUR "MISS LUGGETT'S OF 1950"! THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE PRIZE WINNING PHOTO IS EZRA JONES!

'RAY!' 'RAY!' 'RAY!' FOR EZRA!

Luggett's  
DRUG STORE

OH, EZRA--WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON THE CONTEST! I'M MISS LUGGETT'S OF 1950! SIGHE

YEAH--WE-- WE? YIPES! MYRNA! LISTEN--I--I-I

LET ME SEE THE PRIZE WINNING PICTURE!

WOW! WHAT A BEAUTY!

HEY, EZ, WHO'S YOUR MODEL?

BEEN KEEPIN' HER A SECRET, EH, EZRA?

GOSH--EZRA MUST HAVE TAKEN A BETTER PICTURE OF ME THAN I THOUGHT--I'LL GO LOOK AT IT!

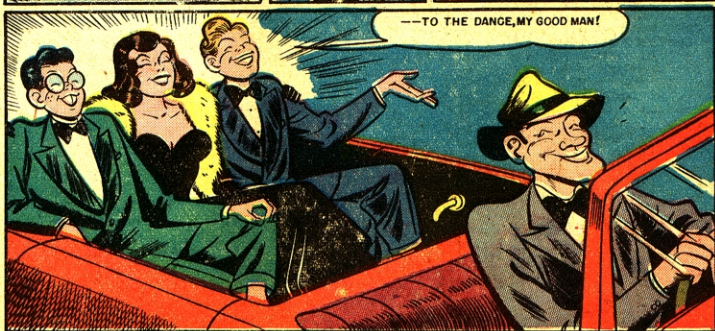
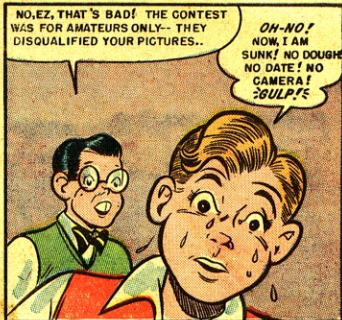
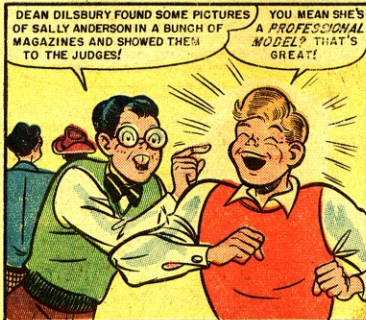
UGH! THAT'S NOT ME! EZRA JONES, YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN TWO-TIMER! YOU SAID I'D WIN THIS CONTEST AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ONE PICTURE OF ME! YOU--YOU--I WOULDN'T GO TO THAT DANCE WITH YOU NOW OR EVER!

BUT--BUT, MYRNA, I CAN EXPLAIN! AW---

I'LL GET DEAN DILSBURY TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE, YOU BLUEBEARD!

GLOOM SIGHE NOW MYRNA'S MAD AT ME--OH--WELL--AT LEAST I WON THE CONTEST!







# Dinner For BLACKHAWK

**C**APTAIN DREVITT used to say that if you want a thing well done, you should do it yourself. So he did plenty of things himself, even though he commanded a large horde of picked rascals who lived and grew prosperous by a global policy of loot and piracy. They terrorized the Twentieth Century as pirates like Blackbeard terrorized the Eighteenth Century. They swindled, robbed, destroyed. They faced and fought small parties of brave men, and cleverly avoided battle with big parties. Submarines, airplanes, gas bombs and all the best scientific methods were their weapons. They sought their loot on every continent and in every ocean. They were an accommodating and easily pleased gang of criminals. They would tackle anything, so long as it meant profit.

But lately the Blackhawks had taken an interest in them. And the last three adventures had resulted in unprofitable failure for Captain Drevitt's modern pirate gang. A counter-attack had driven them away from the very doors of the International Bank in the seaside town of Costa Rubia. The attempt to kidnap and hold for ransom the crown prince of Kartusk had been defeated by the Blackhawk planes, and those who had escaped were lucky to be alive. And when an unscrupulous political adventurer bribed Drevitt to destroy the Central American vehicular tunnel, the Blackhawks had learned of it in advance and spoiled that little triumph too.

Therefore, said Captain Drevitt, the Blackhawks must be removed. And he proposed to start at the top, with their leader, Blackhawk himself.

Disguised in white wig, spectacles and costly tweeds, Drevitt pretended to be an amiable old scholar and admirer of Blackhawk. He introduced himself when they met at a state reception in an inland city, and Blackhawk was modest but friendly as Drevitt chattered about his admiration for the great fighting team for world safety and justice.

"Blackhawk," he said, "I dare not hope that you'd honor me by coming to dinner at my apartment tonight."

"Why, I'd be charmed, sir," said Blackhawk cordially. "Who else will be present?"

"Just the two of us, Sir. That way, I can hear more freely some of your thrilling adventures."

"I'll come, professor, but please don't depend

on me for anything entertaining," said Blackhawk, and they parted. Drevitt hurried away to his slum headquarters where a group of his most desperate killers waited. They wore the red jackets and low-pulled hats of Drevitt's company, and eagerly they listened to their captain's orders.

"I want you in the back room, ready for my signal gong," said Drevitt. "No foolish, clumsy stuff about poison or guns for Blackhawk. But I've arranged for him to come alone, and he'll never return. Once he's gone, his bunch of bullies can be easily dealt with."

At Drevitt's apartment, Blackhawk appeared and the two sat down to a pleasant repast. Despite his modest disclaimer of being entertaining, Blackhawk talked well—so well that it was with a sigh of regret that Drevitt picked up the little silver hammer on the table and struck the gong.

At once three doors opened on three sides of the room. Through them loomed huge, red-jacketed, slouch-hatted figures.

"Who are these strangers?" asked Blackhawk, sitting up straight in his chair.

"They're strangers to you, but friends to me," said Drevitt.

"What do you mean, sir?"

Drevitt grinned. He had taken off his wig and spectacles. "You're my prisoner, Blackhawk."

"I'm afraid not," said Blackhawk calmly. "It's the other way around. Grab him, men."

The big fellows entered. Dropping jackets and hats, they appeared in Blackhawk uniform. Drevitt rose and grabbed for a weapon, but Andre on one side, Chuck on the other, subdued him.

"The only trouble," said Blackhawk, "was to get you to do something to confirm my suspicion that you were Drevitt. My friends saw your red jackets heading here, followed and overpowered them and took their places. But not until the moment you thought you had trapped me did you give yourself away."

Drevitt, raging, tried to think of some insult to hurl at his successful enemy. But he could think of nothing. Nothing would do any good, anyway.

"Turn him over to the authorities," said Blackhawk. "His rule of riot and plunder is at an end."



# Will BRAGG





TALENT!  
TRAINING!  
THAT'S NOT  
NECESSARY!

I SUPPOSE ALL  
AN ARTIST NEEDS  
IS LONG HAIR  
LIKE YOURS!

INTUITION! FEELING! URGE!  
THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!  
WHEN I'M IN THE RIGHT  
MOOD, I CAN PAINT A  
MASTERPIECE!

WELL! WHY DON'T  
YOU ENTER THE  
CONTEST AND  
WIN SOME OF  
THAT DOUGH?

AHEM! AS A  
MATTER OF  
FACT, I AM  
SUBMITTING A  
PAINTING!



SUBMIT A PAINTING?  
WHAT AM I  
SAYING?

MY, WILL!  
YOU LOOK SO  
DEJECTED!

H-R-RMPFF! I'VE BEEN COMMISSIONED  
TO DO A PRIZE PAINTING! BUT I  
RECENTLY DONATED MY EASEL AND  
PALETTE TO THE MORONIC INSTITUTE  
OF MODERN ART, AND THEREFORE  
LACK THE NECESSARY MATERIALS!



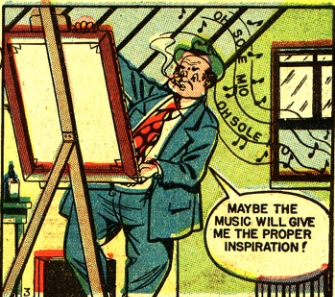
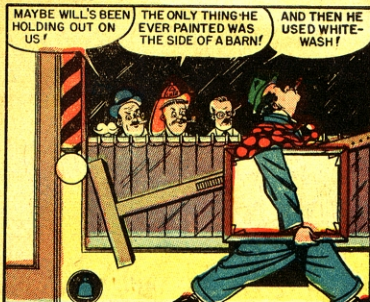
MY! WHAT AN HONOR!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
BORROW THEM  
TEMPORARILY  
FROM THE  
INSTITUTE?

AHEM! IT'S  
TOO LATE!  
THE PAINTING  
MUST BE  
SUBMITTED  
TODAY!

WHY, WILL, HOW FORTUNATE! THERE IS A PAINT BOX,  
EASEL AND CANVAS IN MY AUNT'S ATTIC THAT YOU  
CAN USE! GENIUS MUST BE ENCOURAGED, YOU DEAR  
BOY! LET'S GO AND GET THEM!









MEANWHILE OUTSIDE...

GO GETTA DA MUN'  
AND I GIVA YOU  
DA BANAN'!



WHY DID I HAVE TO SHOOT OFF MY  
BIG MOUTH?



HOLY MACKEREL! LET'S CALL THIS THE  
FINISH AND GET THROUGH WITH IT!  
PHEW! I'M GOING DOWNSTAIRS  
TO RELAX!



YOU REST HERE AWHILE, AND I'LL GO UPSTAIRS  
AND PACK THE MASTERPIECE!

OKAY, I'LL FOLLOW  
YOU RIGHT UP!

WHY DOESN'T SHE PACK  
HERSELF OFF TO THE  
NEXT COUNTY?



MEANWHILE UPSTAIRS...



WILL'S RARE GENIUS IS  
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